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July Meeting Town Council

Board of Education Requires Increased Amount For Current Year—No Action Taken on Protest Regarding Amplifier

There was a rather light docket of business to be disposed of at the regular July meeting of the Grimsby town council held on Wednesday evening last. Mayor H. H. Hiller presided and all members of the council were present. Mr. E. H. Culp appeared before the council and entered a strong protest against the use of the amplifier by H. Hiller and Son in connection with the advertising of their photographic business. He declared it was wrong to ring his family and other citizens and urged the council to take action to have it discontinued. He suggested the passing of a bylaw to cover the matter. Mr. Hiller, who was also present,

just as strongly contended that he was fully justified in using the amplifiers as a means of advertising and increasing his business. It was securing good results and citizens had expressed their approval of the music. He pointed out that in cities such as Hamilton and Toronto merchants were permitted to use these amplifiers on the main streets and did not consider them a

The council following consideration of the complaint, did not feel that it could take any action in the matter. It was pointed out that it lay with the citizen entering complaint to take any

The Board of Education, in a communication to the council, stated that the sum of \$18,000 would be required

this year for current expenditures, an increase of \$4,000 over the amount asked for last year. The increased amount is made necessary by certain necessary repairs at the public schools and the addition of two teachers to the staffs of the schools. The Board of Education wrote asking for a permit to erect and operate a

Caroline station on the Alexander School Property and this will be considered at a future meeting after the necessary legal notice has appeared the required number of times.

Mayor Hewson directed the attention of the council to the question of relief during the coming winter and thought it advisable to advertise that relief will only be given to residents of the town which was the practice

followed in other places. The matter was left in the hands of the relief committee.

The following resolutions were passed in connection with other matters dealt with.

Moved by Councillor Worsley, seconded by Councillor Boncher, that pay sheet No. 7 amounting to \$2,029.75 having been passed by committee be ordered paid. Carried.

Moved by Councillor Fairbank, seconded by Councillor Chivers, that pay sheet No. 7 of the Joint Fire Committee amounting to \$277.49 be passed for payment subject to approval by the Joint Fire Committee. Carried.

Moved by Councillor Chivers, seconded by Councillor Fairbank, that building permits be granted to the Flexmore Sign Co., Ltd., and W. F. Randall for constructions as per their

Moved by Councillor Worsley, seconded by Councillor Bourne, that a payment of £250.00 be made to P. Mohan as per progressive certificate signed by F.A. Dallyn Co., engineer. Carried.

Moved by Councillor Worsley, seconded by Reeve Wilkins that the tender of the Frost Steel and Wire Co. Ltd., Hamilton, for \$328.63 for fence around the *Abwage* Disposal Plant be accepted. Carried.

Hamilton Contracting Co. be paid in-
to court and deducted from Hamilton

Contracting Co. account. Carried.

Moved by Reeve Wilkins, seconded by Councillor Chivers that the matter of repairing sidewalks on John Street be left in the hands of the Board of Works. Carried.

Attending School of Baking

The local baker, Mr. A. Jarvis, is attending the Fleischmann School of Baking (before held at Hamilton). Instruction is given in the very newest methods of baking and his attendance at the lectures and demonstrations having given him indicates his desire to always give his patrons the most up-to-date service possible.

BIRTHS

July 4th. to Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Darr-

Given was presented an illuminated address by the police commissioners. County Judge S. Campbell was proud of the fact that his police service of 16 years in London, Ont., as a constable on the beat and of 20 years in St. Catharines he had never a mark against him. The members of the police force presented him with a clock. Detective Sergeant William McCarthy made the presentation. Inspector William Sherman has been appointed acting chief.

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One London Dawn

By Luce Demals

In the dark hours before the dawn, a band of adventurers come driving into London.

They come from the country, driving through the dark lanes at first, in vans piled with fruits of the previous English earth, in till in the dawn at Covent Garden Market.

Elizabeth Leverett was one of them. She drove her father's van, because Leverett himself was ill. He was a brave, obstinate man, whose leg had been injured in the war, and further injured because he would not stop digging in his market garden until the doctor drove him to bed.

Since then Elizabeth had taken his place in the fields and in the hot-houses. She had helped to grow the fresh strawberries packed in baskets behind her in the old Ford van. She had helped to pick them, to sort them, and to stack them in their baskets; and she had gone to bed, tired out, at ten o'clock. She had risen before two in the morning to join the band of adventurers who drive their wares to London, to the market which is built on what was once a convent garden.

Elizabeth drove at first through some of the loveliest country in England; she passed gardens from which enchanting events drifted on to the moonlit lanes; she heard nightingales sing, and saw the summer stars grow pale before a midsummer dawn; she unloosed the honey-suckle in the hedges. And all the time she was thinking:

"Two hundred pounds—no, two hundred and seventy-five—and then we could always be sure of water in the meadows. If I had that money, and a strong, willing man who wanted to help, I'd pull the lot of us out of the mud. Two hundred and seventy-five."

For Elizabeth, at twenty, with eyes the color of blue lilac, and skin with the warm whiteness and fragrance of white lilac, had no time for moonlight, or nightingales, or listening between the summer hedges with a good companion. She had to consider arithmetic, and how, if she should bring back no more than eight pounds for her strawberries, she could pay the water rate.

At last, before the dawn was more than a rose in the eastern sky, Elizabeth came to London town. At this hour London was already waking. Other vans were rattling towards the market, and the street cleaners were busy, but here and there, behind curtained windows, shafts of light stole out, to show that to some folk it was still night.

Near Covent Garden the traffic suddenly increased until it became impossible to drive quickly. Vans of fruit and vegetables were in front and behind blocking the road.

Finally, outside a tall, grey house, Elizabeth had to sit still and wait, in company with many other van drivers, all of them anxious and impatient; for the narrow street ahead of them was closed by a middle-aged farmer from Sussex, whose van had broken down. He had been bred among horses, and could not understand engines. He oreated and struggled with his van and with the advice other drivers poured out to him.

Elizabeth, patient when impatience did no good, sat still and looked about her at the City who has always something new to show her lovers.

In the tall, grey house beside her there were three windows that showed yellow light behind their drawn curtains. She watched the curtains, which sometimes stirred, and wondered what they hid. The windows were ugly—too narrow and tall—and the framework of the balconies in front of them was dingy.

While she watched one of the windows suddenly became dark. Evidently the time had come when this house, too, must reluctantly be snatched with the night. The second window, directly beside Elizabeth, grew pale as some of the lights were switched off.

Then, while there was still a little light left in that room, a young man came to the window and parted the curtains to let in the dawn light which was growing clear. He must have been unseen to anyone in the street, but from where she sat Elizabeth could clearly see his head and shoulders and his hands.

He wore evening clothes and he held something in his hands, which he was examining closely; and Elizabeth saw that he was looking into the barrel of a revolver, which he held open in his hands and appeared to be loading.

Then, as the last light was switched off in that room, he stepped back between the curtains and vanished.

Elizabeth wondered if she had seen the beginnings of a murder or of a suicide. She hesitated. Either must be stopped. Yet what can a girl from the country, in charge of a van which must not be left, do about so strange a thing as this? She looked up and down the street for a policeman, but there were no pedestrians. She threw off her rug and prepared to jump down from her seat, when the door of the house opened and the young man came out.

He was pale and haggard. He turned north and began to walk quickly away. But, murder or suicide, he must be stopped—for someone else's sake, or his own. Before he had gone ten feet Elizabeth called to him crisply:

"Young man, come here!"

He hesitated, stared at her, and then said pleasantly:

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

He was too direct and candid, she thought, to be a murderer; it must be suicide. And at that moment the released traffic began to move forward again. Elizabeth had to move forward too. But without this strange young man, for she had inherited her father's courage. She pointed urgently to the seat beside her. It was unthinkable that on this lovely summer's morning a decent young man should be permitted to go away and kill himself.

"Jump up please!" she said.

The young man, still more amazed, stood still.

"Please!" Elizabeth repeated. And the young man, looking into her lilac eyes, obeyed.

Nearly anything, he knew, can happen in London; but never before, after a night of hectic and rather depressing entertainment, had he come out to the pavement to find a strong-willed beautiful young woman driving a van of sweet-scented strawberries who insisted that he should sit beside her.

"I think," he said to her, as he climbed into the seat, that he must have fallen asleep reading the 'Armenian Night Entertainments.' Don't wake me, will you?"

Elizabeth said nothing, for she was thinking swiftly and clearly. The obvious thing to do was to keep him beside her until she knew a little more, or found a policeman. She said presently:

"You may have noticed that I've come up from the country?"

"You are the country," he said earnestly. "You're a June morning, bringing your strawberries with you. Yes?"

"Well, I've got to go to Covent Garden, and I don't know my way about London. It's important to me that I should go to the right place quickly. You look a bit like London well, and you look decent, too. So I thought you might show me the way—without being funny."

"Sorry!" he said meekly. He seemed ashamed, which made him look very young. In fact, he was twenty-four, and a little Roman in appearance, having a square head and heavy-lidded eyes; but his mouth was kind, and his eyes themselves very true.

Elizabeth noticed these things and many others before they came to the market itself. She saw that, though his evening clothes were excellent, he wore no links in cuffs which had obviously started the night with links; there was a spot of wine on his shirt-front; but there was no trace of sweat clinging to him anywhere.

Because of these things she passed the first policeman they met.

The young man, sometimes leaning out of the van to ask advice himself, brought her safely to her destination. He stood with his hands in his pockets watching and listening while she sold her strawberries. He concluded, as she prepared to come away with alpound-ten and no fruit, that this could hardly be the first time she had encountered the baffling uproar of Covent Garden at four in the morning.

His curiosity increased.

"And now?" he said, when her business was finished.

They looked at each other gravely; then Elizabeth smiled.

"Breakfast," she said. "I know a place near here where we can get coffee and ham and eggs. You've been very kind, and I can't let you go a tip, because you're a gentleman, I think. If you really are one you'll let me give you some coffee to set my mind at rest."

He followed her into an eating-house which she seemed to know, and sat down with her at a quiet table. She ordered breakfast for two; and after it had been eaten and paid for she spoke:

"Now, about that revolver—have you used it already, or are you thinking of using it when I leave you alone?"

"Ah! So you saw that?"

"Yes."

"And being a young woman of character couldn't let it rest there? No, it would be your duty, of course. I'm afraid it's an ordinary story. Middle-class decent relatives who died too young, a snobbish school which only teaches the young how to spend money, and then an inheritance. And since then a binge." He said with some satisfaction: "It really has been a class of binges, my dear!"

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"Ah! So you saw that?"

"Yes."

"And being a young woman of character couldn't let it rest there? No, it would be your duty, of course. I'm afraid it's an ordinary story. Middle-class decent relatives who died too young, a snobbish school which only teaches the young how to spend money, and then an inheritance. And since then a binge." He said with some satisfaction: "It really has been a class of binges, my dear!"

He was too direct and candid, she thought, to be a murderer; it must be suicide. And at that moment the released traffic began to move forward again. Elizabeth had to move forward too. But without this strange young man, for she had inherited her father's courage. She pointed urgently to the seat beside her. It was unthinkable that on this lovely summer's morning a decent young man should be permitted to go away and kill himself.

"Jump up please!" she said.

The young man, still more amazed, stood still.

"Please!" Elizabeth repeated. And the young man, looking into her lilac eyes, obeyed.

Nearly anything, he knew, can happen in London; but never before, after a night of hectic and rather depressing entertainment, had he come out

Doctors Hopeful For Cancer Cure

Dr. MacCarty of Mayo Clinic Tells of Fifteen Factors in Recent Address

Detroit.—What chance for recovery has the cancer patient? How long will he live? The answer to these questions, of such vital interest to the sufferer and his family, were given in a consideration of 15 factors by Dr. William C. MacCarty, of the Mayo Clinic, at the meeting here of the American Medical Association.

One of the most important factors in location of the growth. The more gland that is attached the shorter the patient's life will be. If the cancer is so located that it produces pain or bleeding, or obstruction in the early stages, the better the patient's chance because he will get early treatment. If the cancer grows inward on an organ the chance of recovery is worse than if it grows out from the organ. If the heart and kidneys are functioning efficiently the outlook is poor. Size of the growth, age of the patient, time of weight, duration of the disease and the way in which the cancer cells act in the body all have an influence on the patient's chance for recovery, but the exact significance of these factors is not certain.

When the cancer is on the breast, the outlook is good. This type of cancer can be permanently cured when it is recognized and operated on in the early stages. Dr. Arthur Dean Brown of Rush Medical College, Chicago, said. Breast tumors occur in about three women out of every 100, he said. Of 100 women who come to a clinic during the year, complaining of a tumor growth of the breast, only 100 women have a tumor.

Half of these women have a benign tumor and half a malignant tumor. In malignant tumors the outlook is good if the disease has not spread to adjoining parts of the body, such as the glands of the arm.

X-Rays, Roentgenium
The use of X-rays and radium after operation on cancer of the breast gives much better results than the operation alone. Dr. Hugh P. Trout and C. H. Feinstein of Rochester, Va., reported as a result of 20 years experience in these cases. These physicians were impressed with the fact that cases of cancer are being cured earlier than ever before, and that therefore, results of treatment should be better than ever.

The public is not yet sufficiently aware of the need of early discovery and treatment, another speaker on cancer, Dr. William H. Kramer of the cancer clinic, Jefferson Hospital, Philadelphia, said. He declared that cancer threatens the very foundations of civilization. In all the discussion of cancer by the country's leading experts on the subject, only radium, X-rays and surgery will lead and other surgery as adjuncts in special cases, were mentioned as treatments which could lead to cure of the disease. The arm of patient does not yet realize that these are the proved methods of treatment. He has not sufficient faith in the medical profession, and that is why patients by the thousands will follow false cancer cures around the country, Dr. Kramer said.

Patient Treatment
The use of fever in treating diseases are growing, intent to be reported in its use in curing cancer, described by Dr. H. O. McIntosh of San Francisco. In hardening of the arteries and certain other diseases attacking the blood vessels of legs and arms, a combination of symptoms known as claudication occurs.

A patient may be without pain while walking, but on moving about he will develop such pain or weakness that he can no longer stand. Such a patient can be helped by being kept in a very hot bath, about 110 degrees Fahrenheit. The baths are repeated daily for two or more weeks and in many cases give permanent relief.

For the child who has developed aneurysm after a bout of whooping cough, rubella, bronchitis or similar weakening disease, injections of iron directly into the lining of the abdominal cavity are beneficial, Dr. Clifford and Grimes, of Chicago, reported. Treating this secondary aneurysm with iron has formerly been a tedious process, iron taken by mouth or injected into the arm or a vein does not regenerate the blood very quickly. The new method, which is supplemented by ultraviolet ray treatment, gave good results on a group of six young children. They all gained weight and improvement was still in evidence eight months after the treatment. The method has no effect in primary aneurysm or peritoneal aneurysm, Dr. Grimes emphasized.

Planes Have Far to Go?
Considering that the total output of passenger cars, trucks and taxicabs in the United States for the first four months of 1929 was 1,445,526, it is clear that the airplane has quite a distance to go before it will have caught up with the automobile.

During an Air Ministry test of a large supermarine flying boat at Southampton which is controlled by an automatic gyroscopic system, something went wrong and, probably much to the human pilot's surprise, the craft looped the loop and then flew on again on a level keel.

A Real Nerve Tonic

Is a Beautiful Supply of Rich, Health-Giving Blood.

Sufferers from nervous debility find themselves tired, low-spirited and unable to keep their minds on anything. They are totally unfit to perform their everyday duties.

Doctors of the nerve with codalives is a terrible mistake. The only real nerve tonic is a good supply of rich, red blood. To secure this rich, red blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills should be taken. Reviving and purifying the blood is their whole mission. Concentrating them Mrs. Albert Bradley, Brockton, Ont., writes:—"Two years ago I was a complete wreck; in bed for seven months; extremely nervous had no color. Nothing I tried seemed to help me till I began Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My condition at once improved and to-day I am well and able for anything without fatigue or trouble."

You can get these pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Helpful Hints!
It is a mistake to keep biscuits in the same tin with cakes. If placed together, the former quickly become soft.

If meat is not to be used at once in hot weather, sprinkle a little pepper over it. This not only discourages flies, but helps to conserve the flavor.

Mint will keep fresh for a considerable time if it is washed in cold water in which a little carbonate of soda has been dissolved.

Meat will not stick to the knife while chopping if a little ground rice has been sprinkled over it.

When trying foodstuffs care should be taken to avoid placing too much in the pan at one time, as this depresses the temperature of the fat.

Add a few drops of lemon juice to rice while it is cooking. This not only whitens the rice, but separates the grains.

Bacon will not shrink while frying if it has been dipped into flour.

Minard's Liniment Checks Cuts.

Copenhagen Union Purchase Island To Be Used as Children's Playground

Copenhagen.—After somewhat protracted negotiations the Union of Copenhagen municipal teachers have bought the charming island of Thore, off the coast of Fahren, located on an island, and almost opposite the ancient and picturesque town of Aalborg. The recent owner had spent large sums of money on it and, amongst other things, had erected a colonial bronze monument of the old Northern and Thor, after whom the island is called, and which cost twice as much as the teachers have paid for the whole island, with residence, outbuildings, museum and a fort. The Copenhagen Municipality has purchased the purchase sum.

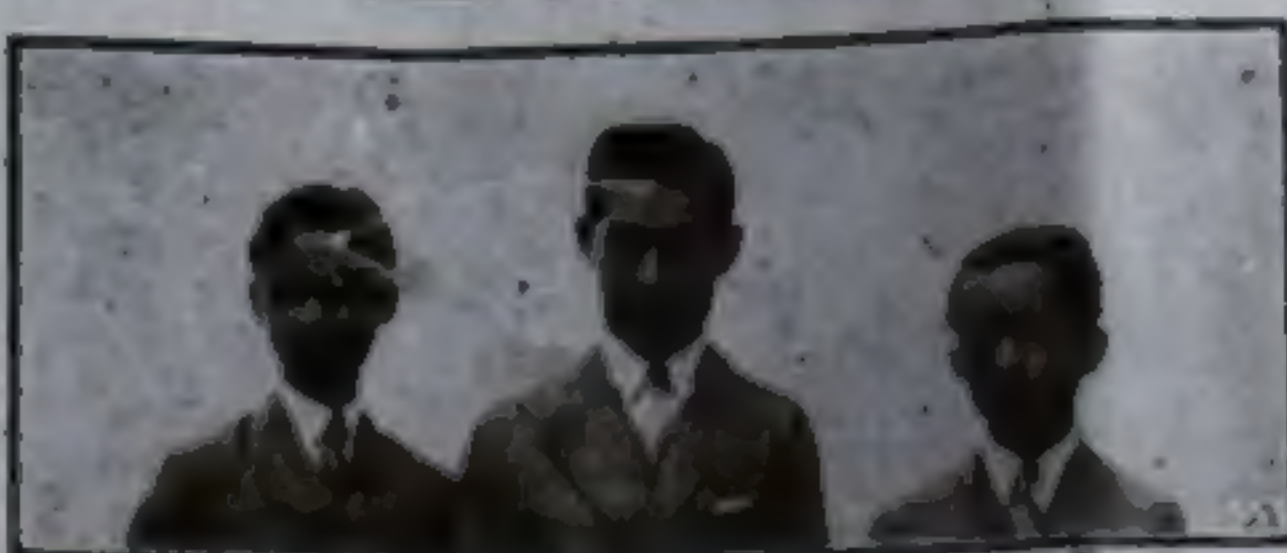
The purpose is to turn this island into a holiday resort or "colony," as they call it in Denmark, for Copenhagen school children, and for which purpose it is simply ideal. Some more cows will have to be added to the live

stock, so that there will be nothing to fear for the children who are to spend their holidays there.

There will be an "all the year round" colony for children, and this section of the work will naturally extend to regular teaching of the children. There is ample accommodation for the teachers. This is the first venture here in the matter of an "all the year round" colony for children; nothing new, and the innovation is being regarded with much interest. The buildings have nothing to be desired, being equipped with central heating and other modern "luxuries" and it is expected that 100 children can be received to the new home.

The island, which in the past has been much frequented by tourists, will remain open to the public throughout the year. Denmark is rich in islands along her extensive coast; they number about 50 and Thore Island now will become a children's sanctuary.

Siamese Princess Arrive



Their Serene Highnesses, Prince Albert, Prince Chirachit and Prince Frobert (left to right), nephews of his Majesty the King of Siam, who reached Vancouver June 21 aboard the Canadian Pacific liner Empress of Russia.

Arabian Spices and Mysteries of the East Lurk in Jerusalem's Byways

"Pile"—Rice Cooked in Fat—Spiced English Beef and Midget Porters Fascinate Visitors

Jerusalem.—Exotic corners of Jerusalem are being explored by a Palestine journalist who describes out-of-the-way places where tourists rarely go, yet where is to be found much of the variety of color and interest with which Jerusalem is filled.

"A . . . with eight people squeezed into six seats will take you right into the Bukharian Quarter," the description says, "where people wear stereotyped colored dresses which, resplendent in Bukharian, have not lost all their resplendency in Jerusalem. Here you will find still what makes the mouth water. The colors are perhaps a little gaudier than you may like and the gold and silver thread may seem a little too rich for you to take back with you to London or to some other endless city of the West. You will try and secure a meal in the house of a Bukharian. He will give you a dish of pila, which is like the taste of all the luxurious viands of India. It is merely rice cooked in a bath of fat. But if you cook rice in

fat, you won't get much. There are centuries of exotic cooking behind you. "I mentioned pila when talking of the Bukharian. In the Georgian Quarter you can have a meal of shashlik. It is English roast beef with the mystery of all the East in the roasting. I do not know how it is prepared, but I have a suspicion that it contains all the spices of Arabia. You may not reach the way it is served up but if you do not have a meal of shashlik, your visit to Jerusalem will have been in vain."

"There is a Quarter for Kurds who come from Kurdistan. But for scenery need to go to their Quarter to see them. They are to be found on every main road with a pack on their backs waiting to carry your luggage for you. The Kurds in the heart of Jordan of Palestine. One short man will take your goods and place them on his back and walk along with it as quietly and as easily as a camel. He looks so small that you would never suspect he could carry more than a tin of biscuits."

do. In the same way a glider or a motor glider you air sense which pilot trained on a power-driven machine rarely acquires.

"I am sure that more than half the aeroplanes crashes could be avoided if the pilots were trained first on gliders and then on aeroplanes."

Here Krenfeld explained how in a glider one learns to do a series of loops then in a more advanced type of craft one learns to do "a" loops in the air. Finally, to a high efficiency glider, one was able to keep up almost indefinitely while there was any wind. "Where there are clouds," he said, "there you can stay for there is always a rising current of air which catches the clouds."

The honeymoon is over when the bride discovers that her husband makes the same kind of noise her father did when he parts with some money.

No matter how well any man or woman may know their stuff if they have mean dispositions it does them no good.

Dad—"Why, Mildred, I am surprised! Aren't you going to give your brother part of your apple?" Mildred—"No, daddy. Eve did that and she's been hawled out for it over since."

Friends, like stars, shine brightest when one's world is dark.

Sarah—"How did the wedding go off?" Fanny—"Fine—until the parson asked the bride if she'd obey her husband."

Sarah—"What happened then?" Fanny—"She replied: 'Do you think I'm crazy?' and the groom, who was in a sort of daze, said 'I do.'"

Lenny: "Something the bank wisely refused to let you have the money to buy."

Hot July Days Hard on Baby

July—the month of oppressive heat; red-hot days and sweltering nights; is extremely hard on a baby. Diarrhea, dysentery, colic and cholera infantum carry off the souls of precious little lives every summer. The mother must be on her guard to prevent these troubles or if they come on suddenly to fight them. No other medicine is of such aid to mothers during the hot summer as is Baby's Own Tablets. They regulate the bowels and stomach, and an occasional dose given to the well child will prevent summer complaint, or if the trouble does come suddenly will banish it. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Wrestling matches between women are the latest exhibition offered to sensation seekers in Paris.

"It's great stuff," said the old Corporal. "Every night I drink two quarts of it and I didn't even stagger."

"Two quarts?" gasped the John. "An' ya didn't even stagger?" "No, no," said the old Corporal, "I couldn't even stagger."

God give us men. And women instead of 10-year-old boppers.

Owl Laughs

I'd rather see a sermon than hear one any day. I'd rather see a woman walk with me than merely tell me the way. The eye's a better pupil and more willing than the ear. Fine counsel is confusing, but a couple's always clear. The best of all the preachers are the men who live their words. For to see good put into action is what everybody needs.

Having a talking picture of your wife to all right if you are deaf and blind.

Pretty saleswoman—"Don't you want a talking machine in your home?" Bachelor—"This is an oddity."

The home is safe as long as women are more interested in cooking stoves than card games.

A member of a western legislature was making a speech on some momentous question. In concluding he said, "In the words of Daniel Webster, who wrote the dictionary, 'Give me liberty or give me death!'"

One of his colleagues pulled at his coat and in a hoarse voice whispered, "Daniel Webster didn't write the dictionary; it was Noah."

"Noah nothing!" replied the speaker. "Noah built the ark."

There is no tragedy comparable to that of old age without funds to pay for its necessities.

Helpy—"Does she look her age?" Wife—"No, she overlooks it."

Covering up the truth opens up an argument.

One woman who wouldn't look at other women in the face is sure to look her in the back when they pass on the street.

Good habits are easier formed than bad ones broken.

"The fix is up," said the doctor, as he viewed the man who died of St. Vitus dance.

You don't need a license to hunt trouble, nor dogs to scare it up.

Did you ever see a mosquito writhe with temptation?

Travel Office—"Why haven't you sent your son, Johnny, to school? Don't you want him to learn to read?" Proud Father—"It isn't necessary, now that we have the talking machine."

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New Price

30^{c.} 1 1/2 lb.

RED LABEL

RED ROSE TEA

The Lace Box

Sylvia came running to her mother with a piece of lace. "May I have this to dress up with? I want to be a queen."

"Yes, but where did you find my Venetian lace box?"

"It was in a box on the closet shelf, and you don't wear it any more!" A quiver was appearing in Sylvia's chin, but she took it off, and going to the closet, carried the lace box to the bed. A pang of memory shot through her. She could remember her own mother gently unwrapping the lace box, taking out a christening robe and saying: "Three Sylvia have been christened in this dress. See the lovely little puff, and the lace it is trimmed with is real Valenciennes." Now a fourth Sylvia had been christened in that same dress—her own little Sylvia who was looking at her with tears of disappointment. The lace in the box was scratched by having little fingers and on one wrapping was a black smudge.

"That's my fault," thought Mrs. Hurst, "for not having taught her about these beautiful things."

She unfolded the point lace wedding veil that lay inside and began to tell all she knew about the way it was made: how the pendents gathered great bundles of flax and soaked them in water until the thick jacket of the stem rotted away leaving the flax, tangle of white fibers beneath; how it was combed and then spun into threads, and how the patient women sitting on their stools in the sun worked away day after day, and sometimes year after year, on the same pattern, putting in the flowers and tendrils and delicate traceries; how certain families had been so noted for their lace-making that they had come to make lace only for the kings and queens and royal princesses.

"Do the Indians make lace, Mamma?" Sylvia asked.

"Not if you mean the American Indians," her mother answered. "Some of the tribes make embroidery, but they have never made lace, at least, not until taught by white people. Some civilized nations have never made any of importance, either, but you and I would need to travel a good many miles if we visited every country where the lace in this box was made."

It is a mantle made by Spaniards in South America, and here is a bit of Brussels lace made in Belgium. This Venetian is made of a flax braid. Doesn't the pattern make you think of the waves and bubbles in the water in the wake of a gondola? It is very different from the leaves and flowers of this Duchesse or this Irish crochet.

"Let's play a game," said Sylvia. "How if I can name each piece and tell its country as you put it back?"

"You may handle them yourself," said her mother, "only—"

"Only I must get my hands very clean first," and Sylvia skipped off happily, coming back after a few minutes with a pair of pink, perfectly scrubbed hands. As she helped fold the lace and put them back in their tissue paper covers she said, "Mother, I'm glad you didn't let me dress up. If you had I should only have been thinking about me and not that the lace was lovely at all."—Ivory by the National Kindergarten Association, 5 West 40th Street, New York City. These articles are appearing weekly in our columns.

Nurses Wanted

The Toronto Hospital for Education in affiliation with Ontario and Ontario Hospital, New York City, offers a "Young Women's Course of Training to Young Women, having the required education and desiring to become nurses. The course is a monthly allowance and includes the right to travel expenses to and from New York. For further particulars write or apply to the Superintendent.

Man to Fly to Moon?

In making his statement that man will fly to the moon within the next century, John Q. Stewart, assistant professor of astronomical physics at Princeton University, evidently took into consideration the fact that the first 100 years are reputed to be the hardest.

Two carriers, having watched the day's work, were commenting upon their experiences. "Well, so!" of a bloke did you get for your second round?" asked one. "Well!" replied the other, "when he was on the far way he was a perfect gent, but since he was in a bunker was worse'n a war bloke."

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\$11.000 last year in four cities
Write for free catalogues A 1
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AGENTS WANTED
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selling the best fruit trees, shrubs,
limes, evergreens, roses, etc.; town or
country; selling and repairing; every
help given; commissions paid weekly.
R. D. Smith & Sons, Ltd., Windsor, Ont.
We serve fruit and nursery stock.

Relieve Insect Bites!

Minard's neutralizes the poison of mosquito and black fly bites. A dependable antiseptic.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

Cuticura Shaving Stick



Picture of Health Now

"In May and June I was badly run down and had faint spells until it was a drag to do my work. In July and August I didn't seem to pick up so I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound because I saw it advertised. I took two bottles and now I am the picture of health. I feel fine, do all my work and milk two cows. If any woman writes, I will certainly answer her letter."—Mrs. George R. Gillespie, Pannichy, Saskatchewan.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

